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GUNSMOKE WESTERN

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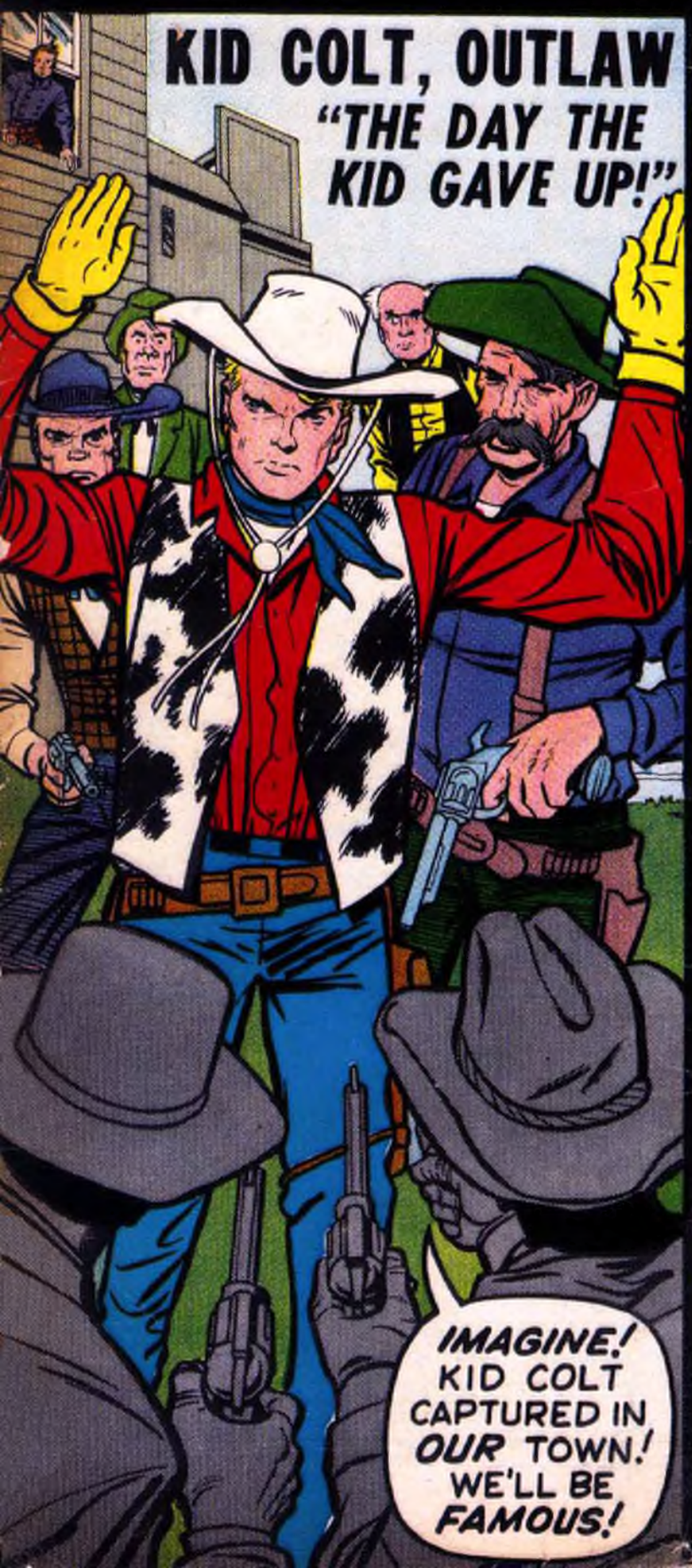

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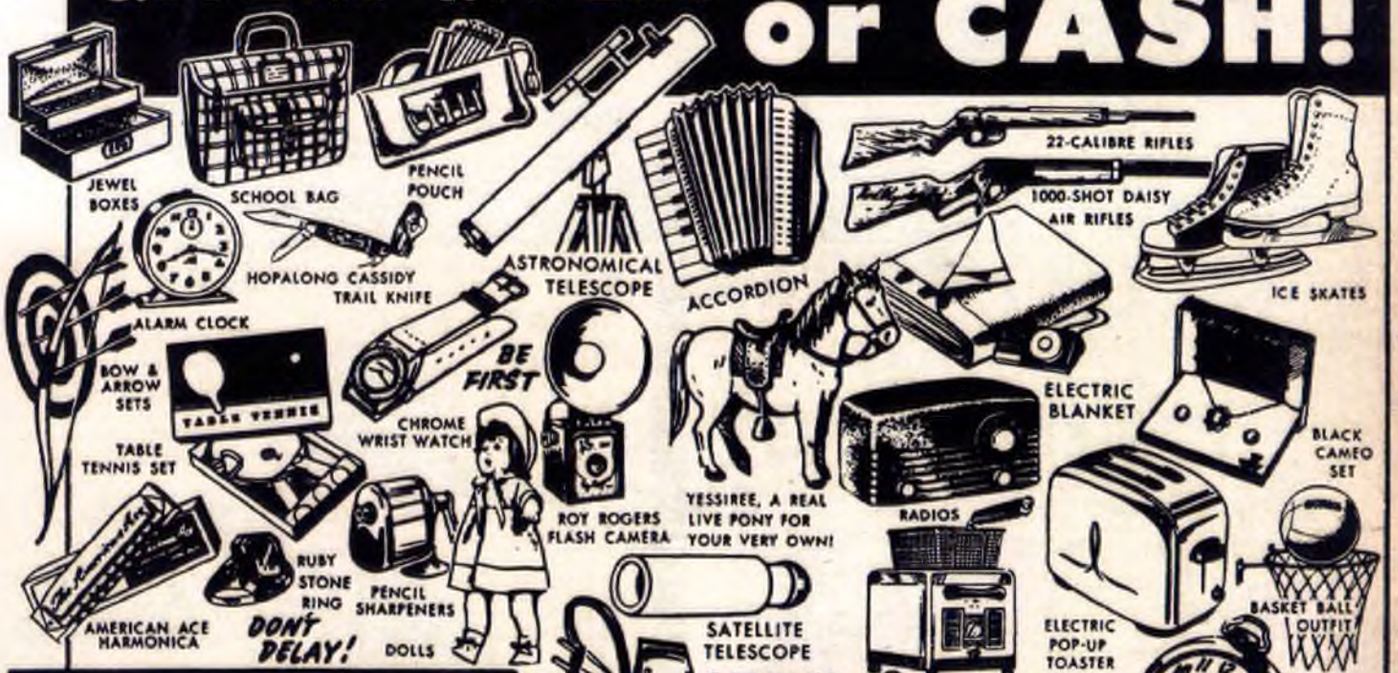

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KID COLT OUTLAW

THE LEGEND OF KID COLT... YEARS AGO, KID COLT KILLED AN OUTLAW IN SELF-DEFENSE! BUT, BEING YOUNG AND FOOLISH, HE FLED, INSTEAD OF STAYING TO STAND TRIAL! SINCE THEN, HE HAS SPENT HIS LIFE TRYING TO ATONE FOR HIS MISTAKE!

LOOK--THAT HOMBRE IN THE BUCKSKIN VEST! I RECOGNIZE HIM! IT'S KID COLT--THE OUTLAW!
KID COLT! EVERYBODY GIT OFFA THE STREETS!
SEND FOR THE SHERIFF!
QUICK! GIT HIM AFORE HE CAN MAKE A GETAWAY!
SHERIFF! COME A'RUNNIN'! THAT THERE IS KID COLT HISSELF!
I'M DISCOVERED! GOT TO MOVE--FAST!
HOTEL
J. SMITH + SON
SALOON
"THE DAY THE KID GAVE UP!"
Stan Lee
JACK KELLER

TO THE HUNTED MAN, ONE FEAR LIVES WITH HIM WHEREVER HE GOES--ONE FEAR FILLS HIS EVERY WAKING HOUR--AND CROWDS HIS TORTURED DREAMS--IT IS THE FEAR OF ***DISCOVERY!*** AND SO IT IS WITH KID COLT--AND SO IT IS ON THIS DAY, WHEN WE FIND HIM EXPERIENCING THE REALIZATION OF THAT FEAR! SO IT IS WITH KID COLT--WHEN HE HEARS THE DREADED WORDS: *"I RECOGNIZE HIM! IT'S KID COLT--**OUTLAW!**"*

HERE, STEEL--TO ME, BOY--STEEL! HERE, BOY!
OUTTA THE WAY! HERE COMES HIS STALLION!
WATCH OUT! HE AIN'T STOPPIN' FOR NOTHIN'!
GOOD BOY--NOW RIDE, STEEL! RIDE LIKE YOU NEVER RODE BEFORE!
SALOON
LOOKA THEM GO--AIN'T NEVER SEEN THE LIKE!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE GAPIN, BOYS! MOUNT UP! AFTER 'IM!
HERE COMES THE POSSE, STEEL! MUST BE 'MOST TWENTY OF 'EM!
HOW MANY TIMES HAS THIS HAPPENED TO US, BOY? HOW HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE BEEN CHASED FROM TOWNS LIKE SCARED RABBITS? SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL GET US, BOY-- WE CAN'T OUTRUN 'EM FOREVER!
2

WE'RE WASTIN' OUR TIME, SHERIFF--CAN'T EVEN GIT WITHIN RIFLE RANGE!
THAT HOSS OF HIS RIDES LIKE THE WIND!
ALL RIGHT, MEN... HOLD ON! NO SENSE TRYIN' TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE! AIN'T A PONY HERE COULD CATCH THAT GREY STALLION!
THEY'VE GIVEN UP THE CHASE--WE'RE SAFE, STEEL! --BUT ONLY UNTIL THE NEXT TIME! MAYBE IT'LL BE A WEEK--OR A DAY--OR AN HOUR BEFORE SOMEONE SPOTS US AGAIN!
IT AIN'T FITTIN' TO SPEND A WHOLE LIFETIME RUNNIN', BOY! I RECKON I HAD MY FILL OF IT! THE NEXT TOWN WE COME TO, BOY--I'M GIVIN' MYSELF UP!
I MAY ROT IN A JAIL FOR YEARS--BUT AT LEAST, I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP NIGHTS!
LOOKY THERE...SAGE-BRUSH GAP! I RECKON THIS IS AS GOOD A TOWN AS ANY, OL' PAL!
WHO DO YUH RECKON THAT GRIM-LOOKIN' STRANGER IS, SLIM?
DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW--BUT HE LOOKS LIKE A HOMBRE WITH A LOT ON HIS MIND!
IT MUST BE POWERFUL IMPORTANT--HE'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!
SAGEBRUSH GAP CAFE
SHERIFF
3

SHERIFF, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YUH...
SPEAK YORE PIECE, MISTER--I'M PAID TO LISTEN!
NOTICE
MUH NAME IS KID COLT--LIKELY YUH HEERD TELL OF ME!
KID COLT--THE OUTLAW!
DON'T TRY ANYTHIN', KID--I GOT YUH COVERED- I KNOW HOW FAST YUH CAN DRAW--BUT EVEN IF YUH OUT-GUN ME, SOMEONE'LL GIT YUH AFORE YUH CAN RIDE 10 YARDS!
GO EASY, SHERIFF--I AIN'T LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE! I CAME HERE TO GIVE MYSELF UP! I'M YORE PRISONER!
YOU! GIVIN' YOURSELF UP??!! WHAT'S THE CATCH, KID?
IT MUST BE A TRICK--TRYIN' TO CATCH ME OFF GUARD--WAIT! THE WINDOW! I'LL ...NO! THERE'S NO ONE OUT THERE!
IT'S NO TRICK, SHERIFF! IT'S JUST THAT SOONER OR LATER, A MAN GITS TIRED OF RUNNIN'!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SAM, DID YUH HEAR THE NEWS?
YEAH--KID COLT GAVE HIMSELF UP!
HERE--IN THIS TOWN! IT'LL PUT US ON THE MAP!
C'MON, WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE JAIL TO GIT A LOOKSEE AT 'IM!
4

MOVE ALONG, FOLKS! THIS AIN'T NO CIRCUS! THE KID IS IN JAIL WAITIN' TO STAND TRIAL LIKE ANY OTHER PRISONER! HE AIN'T NO PERFORMER ON DISPLAY!
SHERIFF
BETTER STAY AWAKE 24 HOURS A DAY, SHERIFF!
I WOULDN'T TURN MY BACK ON THAT HOMBRE IF I WUZ YOU!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE JAIL...
COME ON, KID--YOU CAN TELL ME--I'M AN OWL-HOOT, TOO! WHAT'S THE ANGLE? WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?
NO PLAN, MISTER... I JUST GAVE MYSELF UP, THAT'S ALL!
LISTEN, KID--NOBODY FOOLS JOE NESTER! YUH CAN'T MAKE ME BELIEVE YORE NOT UP TO SOMETHIN' IN HERE!
NESTER--I DON'T LIKE YOUR BREED!
AND I DON'T LIKE TO HAVE NOBODY PAW ME! SAVVY?
ALL RIGHT, KID--I TRIED TO LEVEL WITH YUH--NOW WE'LL PLAY IT MY WAY!
HOW'D YUH GET THAT GUN?
HAD IT HIDDEN HERE ALL THE TIME! I'M BREAKIN' OUTTA HERE NOW, AND YORE COMIN' WITH ME! WITH YOU RIDIN' WITH ME, A POSSE WILL THINK TWICE ABOUT HOUNDIN' ME TOO CLOSE!
NOW CALL THE SHERIFF, KID--PRONTO!
IT DON'T LOOK LIKE I GOT MUCH CHOICE!
5
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

THE STRANGER

THE rain beat down on the saddlebags and Stetson of the lone rider. Night was falling, and he quickened his horse's steps until he topped the rise.

"There it is!" The man spoke half to his horse and half to himself. His narrowed eyes squinted more to make out the faint outline of the low row of one-story houses clustered, as if for protection, in the rain. "That's what we've come to find . . . and the man who's somewhere in that town."

The horseman tightened his leather jacket and shook some of the rain from his Stetson. His eyes scanned the horizon now, not for long. Just the second that was necessary to see that he could reach the town before nightfall. He reined his horse around and started down the steep side of the hill. He spurred him on, but the animal's tired legs couldn't go much faster. The rain and the dusk swallowed them in blackness.

Inside the Golden Slipper, the men were unaware of the rain and night. The kerosene lamps were lit, and various groups of card players were sprinkled around the huge room. The single rider could hear the sounds of revelry and music, as he hitched and tied his horse. He felt for his guns, low around his hips. He pushed open the double doors and walked inside.

The sight of a stranger in Butte Forks wasn't unusual, but a stranger on a night like this, who had obviously planned to make his stopping place that small town hidden in the remote valley, was worth staring at. The piano player stopped his tinny playing to watch the man slap some of the water from his clothes and wipe the rain from his bearded face with the back of his leather glove.

The card players looked up, and their eyes followed him watchfully as he made his way to the end of the long bar. The bartender warily walked over to the spot.

"What'll it be?" he asked.

"Information," the stranger barked, low. "I'm aimin' to stop a while here, until I find me the man I'm after." He leaned across the bar slowly. "So tell me where I can find a place to bunk tonight."

The bartender glanced around the room and saw the others, staring. He looked down at the stranger's guns, then out into the rain-soaked night.

"Upstairs," he said then, quickly. "Second door to your left," and motioned with his head toward the stairs.

"How about my hoss?"

"Take him out back . . . feed's in the stable bin." The bartender wiped the bar silently and didn't look up.

When the stranger left, a buzzing started to fill the room.

"Why didn't you ask him who he was, Charlie?" a man at the bar asked the bartender. "Yuh shoulda asked him. We don't want no . . ."

"If ya wanted to know," the bartender asked, "why didn't ya ask him yourself? I ain't aimin' to ask a man with two guns his name or his business."

After a while, the man entered the saloon again, and made his way up the stairs. There wasn't a sound until they heard his door close.

Then came all the unanswered questions. "Who d'ya suppose he is?" "What does he want?" "What's his name?" But behind these questions lay the constant thought . . . "Is he dangerous?"

Finally, someone suggested, "Maybe we better call Sheriff Digby."

A group of men filed out into the night, bent on notifying the sheriff of the unruly stranger's arrival in town.

"It isn't like a stranger to come here in the middle of the night lookin' fer somebody, Sheriff," one of the men explained. "Maybe you oughtta arrest him."

Sheriff Digby read the concerned looks on the faces of his friends, the townspeople.

"I can't arrest him, Luke, if he hasn't done anything."

"But he's lookin' for somebody . . . he said it."

"And it's my guess," Lem Stuart added, "that it won't take him very long tomorrow morning to find him."

Sheriff Digby thought about it, his mind turning over all the facts and coming to but one conclusion.

"Tell ya what, fellas . . . I'll meet him in the Golden Slipper tomorrow mornin', first thing. I'll ask him what he wants here in Butte Forks and

CONTINUED

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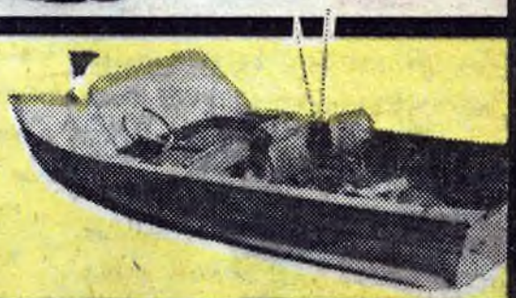

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WHAT IS IT, KID? THAT NO-ACCOUNT BANK ROBBER IN THERE BOTHERIN' YUH?
JUST STAND STILL AND LET ME HAVE THOSE KEYS, LAWMAN! DON'T MAKE A FALSE MOVE!
NESTER! HOW--?
EXACTLY 30 SECONDS LATER...
IT'S A JAILBREAK--THE KID AND NESTOR GOT AWAY--MOUNT UP, MEN--AFTER 'EM!
WE KNOWED IT WUZ A TRICK!
THE KID MUSTA WANTED TO GIT LOCKED UP SO HE COULD SLIP A GUN TO NESTER!
THEY MUST BE PARDS! THEY FOOLED US ALL!
KEEP RIDIN', KID! AIN'T AN INJUN OR A RENEGADE IN THESE PARTS WILL BOTHER ME WHEN THEY SEE YOU WITH ME! SOON AS WE FIND A GOOD HIDIN' SPOT, WE'LL LAY LOW AND AMBUSH THE POSSE!
YOU COLD-BLOODED MURDERER! DO YUH THINK I'D HELP YUH DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
YOU AIN'T AMBUSHIN' NOBODY!
UGH!
I'LL HAVETA MAKE THIS QUICK--THE POSSE'LL BE ALONG 'MOST ANY MINUTE!
6

PAGES OF TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

WYATT EARP FRONTIER MARSHAL

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT PAGE...

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I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
OH-
WHO-SHOULDN'T!
BLAM!

MY HEAD— IT'S THROBBING LIKE A—
WOW— HE'S GOT AN AWFUL BAD CUT ON HIS HEAD! I'LL GET HIM SOME WATER!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

YOU WANTED DOBBS CITY, DON'T YOU MISS? WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SHARE OF IT— ONE OF OUR FINEST, STRONGEST
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE CAN'T BE DEAD SO FAST!

LUCKY FOR ME YOU DON'T DECIDE TO CHEAT JOHN, MARSHAL.
NOT MUCH CHANCE OF THAT HAPPENING, AURELIO. EVEN A MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY CAN'T CHANGE HIS CHARACTER— AND I COULDN'T BECOME A MURDERER JUST BECAUSE I FORGOT MY NAME!

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CONTINUED

this act accordingly."

This was satisfactory to the crowd, though hardly comforting. The men stood uncomfortably that night, though not a sound was heard from the second floor or the loft upstairs in the Golden Slipper.

In the morning, the rain had stopped. The sun filtered through the mountain haze and burst through the plate glass windows of the Golden Slipper. The Sheriff was sitting at one of the tables when the stranger appeared on the balcony. He looked down, saw the Sheriff and straightened up, his normal face set with determination.

Sheriff Digby saw him rise, and immediately his blue body became more alert. Those standing near him heard him breathe the words, "Hank Ruler" softly. Then he stood, ready as fate the man walking slowly down the stairs.

They met in the middle of the room; about four feet away the stranger stopped, and so did the Sheriff. The stranger's eyes swept down to the Sheriff's gun, then up to his face again.

"They told me you were here, Mat. I vowed I'd find you if you were within 1000 miles of the territory."

"I didn't think I'd see you again, Hank," the Sheriff spoke softly, through clenched teeth. "... alive Lorenzo."

"I reckon not," the man answered. "Lots of folks said so, too. They'll say different now."

The two men stood, then, face to face . . . trying to analyze the future in each other's eyes. Suddenly, Hank Ruler's hand went in the direction of his gun. A deputy standing near had his hand on his holster and came up with his Colt. "Don't reach, Ruler. I got you covered."

Hank Ruler's thin lips wrinkled in a smile. It was only then that the deputy saw that his hand was not over his gun, but was in his pocket instead. Slowly, Ruler pulled his hand from his jeans, and in it he held a wallet.

"I told you I'd settle with you one day, Digby, and I mean it." He walked over to a table, opened his wallet and counted out $500 worth of bills.

"It should be all here. Some a long time ago now, that you lent me this money to get started on my ranch . . . but last year it really paid off. Took nearly 1000 head up the Chisholm Trail."

Sheriff Mat Digby took the money and then grasped Ruler's hand in a warm handshake. "They told me I was crazy to lend you so much, Hank . . . but I always had faith in you." His voice showed his admiration in one word. "Thanks!"

Hank Ruler glanced around at the smiles slowly forming on the expressions of the citizens of Butte Forks. He turned to them and smiled, then he put his hand on Sheriff Digby's shoulder and said loud and clear, "It's folks from Arizona always pay our debts."

THE END

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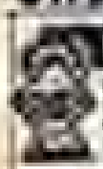

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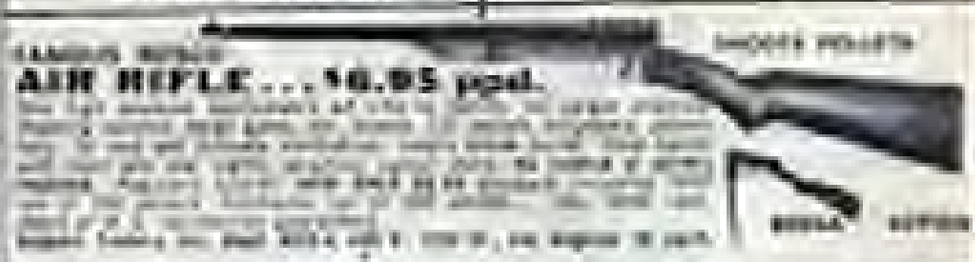

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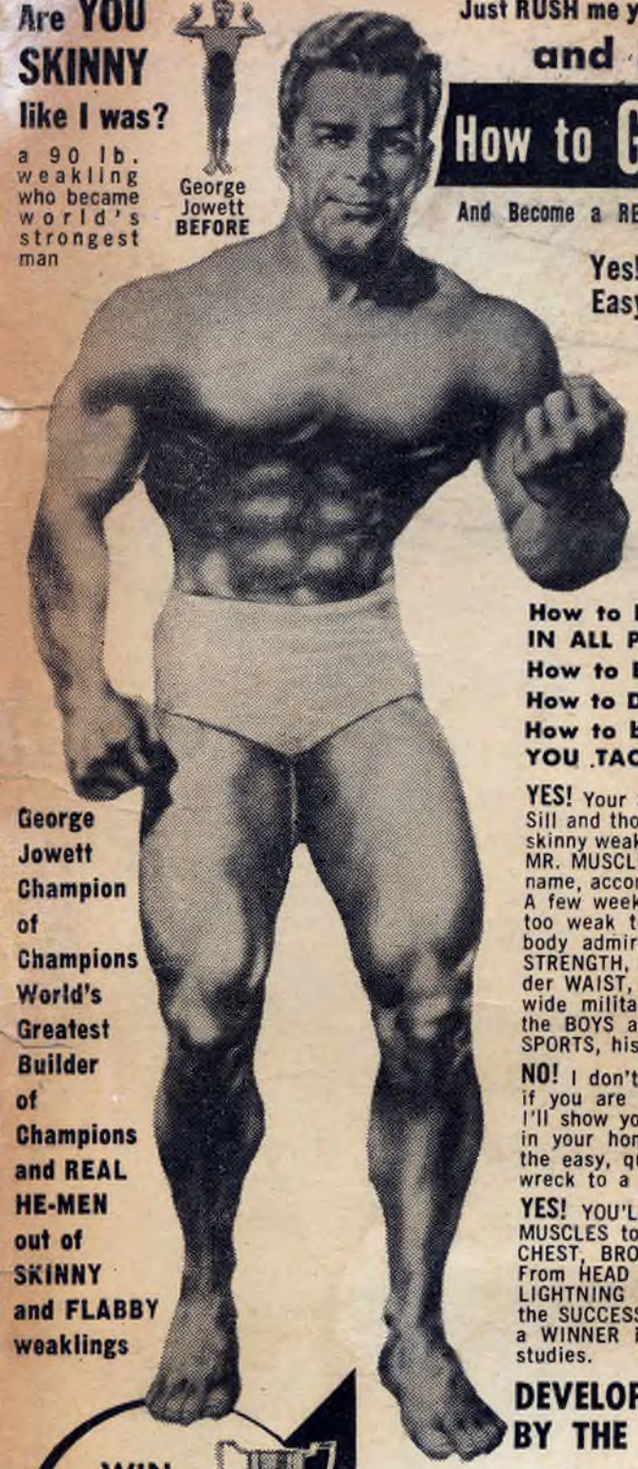
How to GAIN UP TO 50 LBS. OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

And Become a REAL HE-MAN like MANY THOUSANDS of My Pupils In 10 Minutes of FUN a Day



George Jowett Champion of Champions World's Greatest Builder of Champions and REAL HE-MEN out of SKINNY and FLABBY weaklings

Yes! I'll Show You By My Quick, Easy Methods How To

ADD POWERFUL NEW INCHES OF MUSCLES around YOUR ARMS, CHEST, LEGS, etc.

How to IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 100%.

How to BECOME A WINNING ATHLETE IN ALL POPULAR SPORTS.

How to BEAT ANY BULLY.

How to DO FEATS of STRENGTH.

How to be a WINNER in EVERYTHING YOU TACKLE.

YES! Your Success Story Can Soon be like John Sill and thousands of my pupils. Think of it — a skinny weakling like you became a MAGNIFICENT MR. MUSCLES — won a BIG SILVER TROPHY, his name, accomplishments engraved on it and $100. A few weeks before, everybody picked on John, too weak to fight for his rights. TODAY everybody admires John's movie star build, he-man STRENGTH, his mighty ARMS, heroic CHEST, slender WAIST, rock-like TORSO, broad manly BACK, wide military SHOULDERS, new popularity with the BOYS and GIRLS. His winning drive in ALL SPORTS, his energy at work and studies.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you are in your teens, twenties or thirties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes a day in your home, you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from a wreck to a WORLD CHAMPION.

YES! YOU'LL ADD INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLES to YOUR ARMS, YOU'LL DEEPEN YOUR CHEST, BROADEN YOUR BACK and SHOULDERS. From HEAD to HEELS you'll gain SIZE, POWER, LIGHTNING SPEED, ENDURANCE. You'll become the SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN IN LOOKS and ACTS — a WINNER in EVERYTHING, athletics, business, studies.

DEVELOP YOUR 520 MUSCLES BY THE GREATEST METHOD!

Friend, I traveled the world, studying every secret to PERFECTLY develop your body. My "5-Way Progressive Power Method" is TESTED-PROVED by hundreds of thousands LIKE YOU! SAVE YEARS, hundreds of DOLLARS! Do as movie stars, champions — John Sill, Jim Norman, Tony Pascarella — did! Mail coupon NOW!

WIN A BIG Silver Trophy and $100 IN CASH

Pick the kind of BODY YOU WANT Check ALL Your Needs —

MAIL THE COUPON TO ME NOW and I'll Send You FREE these 5 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES

(before it is too late) as John Sill and the others did

PLUS BOOK OF PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN ONCE WEAK LIKE YOU

Formerly $5.00 each. MILLIONS were sold at $1.00. Send for them ALL FREE. Mail Coupon BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE and you have to pay $1.00 or $5.00.

I GAINED **60 LBS.** OF SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES

This Can Be YOU in a Short Time!

BEFORE

Mailing Coupon I was a 125 lb. 6 ft. skinny weakling

says **JOHN SILL**

I added 7 inches to MY CHEST, 3½ INCHES to EACH ARM. No, Pal! You don't have to be a chicken-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.

AFTER

Mailing Coupon 185 lb. HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN POPULAR ATHLETE **You** can be, too!

BEFORE

AFTER

THEY CALLED ME "SKINNY" — BUT NOW THEY CALL ME MR. MUSCLES

TONY PASCARELLA

Thanks to Jowett easy methods I GAINED 28 LBS. of MUSCLE-PACKED STRENGTH ALL OVER. I won new handsome looks—great athletic ability. Now You do it!

I BROKE A WORLD'S STRENGTH RECORD!

JIM NORMAN became Athlete of the Year. Lifted the front End of a 2700 lb. Car. Quit being a bag-of-bones weakling like I was. In 10 minutes of fun a day, JOWETT CAN DO FOR YOU ALL HE DID FOR ME! I gained 25 TERRIFIC LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES.

BEFORE

AFTER

mailing coupon below— like you do NOW.

JOWETT Institute of Physical Training, Dept. MA-94, 220 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear George: I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body I want: ☐ I want to gain ..... lbs. (fill in).

☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ Arms ☐ Chest ☐ Legs ☐ Shoulders
☐ I want to become a winning athlete ☐ I want NEW PEP, NEW ENERGY
☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

Also please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses, now all in 1 volume. ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

Name ..... AGE .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

By ALBERT DORNE
Famous Magazine Illustrator

Do you like to draw or paint? If you do – America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. About ten years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience; the professional know-how; and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then – illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings – we created a complete course of art training that folks all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands of men and women win the creative satisfactions and the cash rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art – even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency – and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Helps Design New Cars

Halfway through our training, Don Golemba of Detroit landed a job in the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Soon after she began our training, she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson of Minneapolis was a clerk when he enrolled with us. Now, he heads an advertising art studio business and earns *seven times* his former salary.

Having taken our training, busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss, now adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern – a Montana cowboy – studied with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

Free Art Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Simply send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but we'll send it to you free. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for at-home training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail the coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

ALBERT DORNE

NORMAN ROCKWELL

JON WHITCOMB

AL PARKER

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

STEVAN DOHANOS

FRED LUDEKENS

PETER HELCK

ROBERT FAWCETT

BEN STAHL

DONG KINGMAN

AUSTIN BRIGGS

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 848 Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. ..... Age.....
Miss (please print)

Address .....

City ..... Zone.....

County ..... State.....